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What pleasure it is to pay one's debts.

It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place it removes that uneasiness, which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affections ; it promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind ; it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions ; it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue ; and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice, and of sound economy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

A SCRAP.

His Prussian majesty being lately applied to to persecute some speculative Atheists, made this memorable reply : "The Almighty knows best how to punish his adversaries, and to him I leave them." An answer as becoming the philosopher and the christain, as it was the monarch.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

This is a duty that is both pleasant and beneficial. It being the command of Almighty GOD, it cannot but be for the benefit of man : it being the institution of the Savior, it can but be pleasant to every good man ; and every such one will not forsake the assembling themselves together, and their faithfulness verily hath its reward.

But what do we see among professors of christianity ? do we see them attending Jesus to the temple ? no, not but a part, & in some places not but a small proportion are God's witnesses in his sanctuary.

A strange spirit of indolence governs the soul to the rendering many ruinous stumbling blocks, perhaps, to thousands. Let professors remember their vows, and their duty, and we should see new appearances, and might expect the divine blessing.

The worship of God is most reasonable, and has been the practice of all nations of the world, and in every age of it. Our Saviour frequented public worship, himself, in the temple and other places, and gave directions for the right performance of it, in spirit and in truth. What an enemy to himself is that person, who willfully and habitually neglects the service of God, and thereby renounces all the advantages thereof : and for what ? what equal advantages can be proposed ? is a walk or a ride into the country, or a visit to a friend, or any amusement whatever, of equal value ? cer-

tainly not, The infidelity of the age ought to suffice to persuade us all to confess Christ in the assembly of the Saints.

But one says I can serve God just as well at home, by reading a good book. It is to be feared that these objectors do not read many good books, though they might seldom or never be prevented by their going to meeting. It is not for us to set up our private opinion against the authority of heaven. To despise the ministers and ordinances of God is to despise him.

Another says, I do not see that people who go to meeting so much are any better than their neighbors. If they are not, it is their fault : for they have the means, and ought to excel. But who art thou that judgest? see that you obey God.

Another is absent because he does not like the preacher. Such would do well to consider how far their dislike to the minister is well founded. Perhaps they never prayed for him in their lives ; how then can they expect to profit by his ministry ? But if these are not those who condemn all, they may find some where to publicly worship God, and would do it if their hearts were right with him.

Some excuse themselves on the account of clothes, but this will never answer their purpose, fine clothes please God no better than those less so.

Some will say my children and family prevent ; this may be remedied by obliging companions, and neighbors taking their

turns of staying by the stuff.

Take in good part these plain hints, and do your duty, and may God incline your hearts to his service ; it is high time to awake out of sleep. See how Zion lays waste ; behold the enemies of the cross ! they triumph—and you slumber—awake awake thou that sleepest, and call upon God, and bow before him.—AMEN.

RELIGION.

That true religion is no fiction, but an excellent reality, about all men agree ; but what true religion is, is a great dispute in the world. True religion consists not in the imagination of the brain, it is a pure principle at heart. In vain are all the pretensions of men to this religion, while by the life, the heart appears to be bad. No pretended religion will avail us with a bad disposition : the great end of religion is to make men good ; and if our religion does not accomplish this, it must be vain. We are evil without religion, and can never be good but in the enjoyment of it. Religion makes us happy, and qualifies us to serve both God and man. Many professed votaries to religion, hurt its influence by bad lives, and greatly injure themselves. Let men seek this religion, it is their life.

We cannot deny the reality of religion ; then we must condemn our neglect of it : religion, which is of the first importance, appears to be the last thing to be attended unto : this is a most dangerous evil. Religionists should not be bitter one to ano-

ther, we are free, as to any bands from heaven, to chuse and act according to the bible, how important then must wisdom be unto us. We see not now alike, this may be an evil, but if it is, it may do us infinite good, by stirring us up to carefullness.

Those who profess religion must be virtuous, or they will prove a curse to the world, and bitterness to their own souls.

What a pity it is that some people of different denominations, appear to think they are so correct, that others must be altogether wrong, as though they were *the men and wisdom would die with them.*

EXTRACT FROM HUMAN LIFE.

*Happy the man who wisdom knows,
Thrice happy he who e'er pursues*

Its dictates.

John Truman was born in the last century ; he was the joy of his tender parents, and no pains were spared to cultivate his young and tender mind ; and as the young sion is easily inclined, to train him up in the way he should go. The parents of this amiable youth, were sensible of the importance of implanting in his opening mind, those excellent principles, which will ever remain in riper years, tho' many may go against the same.

Early was our Master Truman acquainted with the arts and sciences most popular in that age, and promised to be a most useful member of society. He was beloved by all his extensive acquaintance ; and

those foibles so common to youth, he seldom discovered. His mind seemed to be vehemently pursuing after information, and that knowledge which might be servicable to him, when he, an orphan child, might have no honored parents to afford him valuable counsel.

His parents were true lovers of God, and lived with a solacing prospect of a better state of life and immortality. But, amidst all the amiableness of their dear son they discovered his neglect of the one thing needful, they had no heart-cheering hope that he was born again, or possessed the true knowledge of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. This was not owing to their neglect, they had labored to show him the way of Salvation, but here was something he could not learn from man: his parents could show him the nature of the things of time, but eternal things were beyond their reach, not to be revealed by them to him. His case they made known to God in prayer, and their request ascended on high, almost times without number, that he might realize his need of salvation by the blood of the Lamb.

At length the joyful time arrived, when God should bring this youth home to the family of his dear people. He viewed himself as undone, and gone forever without help, and after trial of every false way, he sunk at the feet of Jesus, and had a pardon sealed upon his heart.

Now we find him to be a new man, his

views were all changed, old things were done away, and all things were become new unto him.

We find him now a faithful christian, he makes a business of religion, and thinks it not a thing by the by, but of the first importance to be attended to.

To be systematical, and orthodox in his religion, became a peculiar care of his. The word of God he assiduously studied, to form his opinion from the standard of heaven, laying aside the traditions of men. In doing this he found the caprice of the age to be opposed in many instances, even to his being openly reviled by those who should be his fondest supporters. But this retarded him not, he believed for himself, and had but light esteem for the peculiarities of many. Love to God and all men composed his principle, resting assured that if this has deep root in the heart, the life will be the very best. From this immortal principle, so divine, he ever extended the arm of charity, and nothing was more pleasing to him, than to endeavor to make those happy around him, whom heaven favors with unnumbered blessings. He viewed this world as containing the family of that beneficent Being, whom he loved as his father, and mortals around him opened a wide field for him to shew his affection, a few moments visibly here, for his heavenly parent.

To be continued.

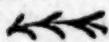
EXTRACT.

It is curious with what apparent unconcern we learn the fate of multitudes of men of distant nations. A tooth-ache, a throbbing of the temple, or the loss of a puppy, seems really to affect us more than the deaths of thousands of our distant species, or the fall of remote empires.

In some cases, distance of place seems to have the same tranquilizing effect upon our spirits as distance of time. We seem to consider those who are separated from us by oceans and circles of earth, with the same unmoving indifference as if they belonged "to years beyond the flood;"—as if they were buried beneath the oblivious grave of antiquity.

It would be a curious and useful office for some political arithmetician to sum up the number of men who have perished within the last 20 years. The wars which have desolated the continent of Europe: the thunders which have swept the surface of the seas, have been fatal beyond example. The aggregate of the slain, if it could be faithfully collected, would astonish and astound the stoutest heart. More have been destroyed than would be sufficient to people a flourishing empire; and though the invention of gun-powder has no doubt contributed to reduce the proportionate destruction of war by the throwing armies further from each other, and facilitating the means of retreat; though our present battles in proportion to the number of combatants, are evidently less murderous than

they were in ancient times, when armies fought principally with the sword, dominus, hand to hand ; yet it may be safely laid down, as an unerring proposition—" that during the last 20 years, more human lives have been lost, than during any other period of equal duration."



MORALIST.

Nothing would be more unhappy, [said Demetrious] than a man who has never known affliction. The best need affliction for the trial of their virtue : How can we exercise the grace of contentment, if all things succeed well ? or, that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies ?

If you are disquieted at any thing; you should consider with yourself, is this thing of that worth, that for it, I should disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquility !

Divine Providence always places the remedy near the evil ; there is not any duty to which Providence has not annexed a blessing ; nor any affliction for which virtue has not provided a remedy.

Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervor from piety, vigor from action, health from the body, light from the reason, and repose from the conscience.—Resignation to the Divine will is a noble and needful lesson.

He that is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity will bend beneath the first blast of adversity. Reproof in adversity hath a double sting.

PRE JUDICE.

GOD, in his divine mercy, says Sadi the Philosopher, introduced a certain vicious man into a society of religious people, whose manners were pure and holy. Struck with their virtues he quickly began to imitate them, and to shake off all his former habits ; in a word to be a model of justice, of sobriety, of patience, of industry, and of benevolence. His good works were undeniable, but people imputed them to unworthy motives. They were always for judging of him by what he had been ; not by what he was.—Overwhelmed with sorrow, he poured forth his tears into the bosom of an ancient Solitary, who was more just, as well as more human than the rest,

“ O my son,” said the old man to him, “ return thanks to the Almighty, that thou art superior to thy reputation.—Happy he who can say, my enemies and my rivals stigmatise me for my vices of which I am not guilty. If thou art good, what matters it to thee that men persecute, and even punish thee, as being one of the wicked ? Hast thou not for thy comfort, two unerring testimonies of thy actions, God and thy conscience ?”

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THE GOOD MAN.

Hail the man, the favoured man,
Joyful midst his care and pain :
Happiness his portion is,
Midst surrounding wretchedness.
Misery he views with Feelling :
Feeds the hungry in his dwelling :
Clothes the naked : and the sick
Carefully his footsteps seek.
All his care is to be free,
Ever where good men should be,
Ever seeking to maintain,
Faithfulness to God and man.
To be great and rich below,
Hoard up pelf as misers do,
Has the least of all his care,
And is never in his prayer.
Honor he esteems as nought,
If 'tis not from heaven brought :
Honor coming from below,
Is an empty faithless show.
Good report from those without,
Humbly he would bring about :
But their praise & flattery,
Is a snare he's sure to flee.
Cares relating to his soul,
And his God, comprise the whole :
He's not pain'd how he shall live,
Knowing heav'n enough will give,
Pain he has, but in his pain,
Joy & peace doth still remain,
And his pains no more would be,
If no sin his eyes could see.
From a principle within,
Quite averse to every sin,
Streams of happiness doth flow

Watering all his life below,
 Hail this highly favor'd man,
 Joyful midst his care & pain,
 O ! the treasure he's possessing,
 'Tis from heav'n the highest blessing,
 Think of this ye dying men,
 Cease to love your wretched sin ;
 Cease to throng the downward road.
 So offensive to our God.
 Do you seek for happiness ?
 Can you find it in your race ?
 Sin the source of every woe,
 Must prove ruin unto you.
 If you happiness would know,
 Try the way where pleasures flow,
 Try the way of holiness,
 Leading to consummate bliss .
 Never one that tri'd this way,
 Reason ever had to say,
 They were losers in their years,
 If no future life appears .
 Sure the good man, he can say
 He has pleasure every day,
 He possesses that within,
 Never to be found in sin.
 O how few the upright are,
 If with others we compare !
 Where's the man that lives for God,
 Rightly to be stiled Good ?
 Think of this ye dying men,
 O be wise & hate your sin,
 O be good a moment here,
 Die in peace, and live fore'er.

End of Number 7.